

724
MEN

AND

MEASURES

CHARACTERISED

FROM

HORACE

BEING

An Imitation of the XVIth ODE of his
SECOND BOOK,

LONDON,

Printed for T. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noster Row*

MDCCLXXXIX

157/271
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MEASURES

CHARACTERISED

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HOKKAI

BEING

An Edition of the XVIIth ODE of his
SECOND BOOK

LONDON:

Printed by T. Cresswell, the Cambridge Press, 1875
INDICATED



M E N A N D

M E A S U R E S C H A R A C T E R I S E D.



OR Quiet, Friend, the Sai-
lor prays
Midst stormy Winds, and ra-
ging Seas,
While Moon and Stars with-
hold their Light

And half the Globe is wrapt in Night:

Or if loud Thunders shake the Deep

With *H^d-c^k's peaceful* Crew to sleep.

When Armies join in horrid Fray,
And Death deforms the deep Array,

Shew

Horat. Ode 16. 2d B.

*Otiū Divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra Nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgens
Sidera Nautis.*

Otiū

Shew me the Chief, inur'd to Toils,
 All cover'd o'er with hostile Spoils;
 Who would not quit the fatal Field
 And all the Fame that Triumphs yield,
 Should ~~Gen~~^{Gen} or ~~W~~^W kindly mark
 His Post of Honour in *H'de P^{er}k*.
 For all the Dangers, Toils and Strife,
 That cloud his sprightly Noon of Life,
 Are borne, that gentle Quiet may
 Close the mild Ev'ning of his Day.

'Tis not the Star, the String, the Robe,
 Those Baits that catch th'ennobled Mob!
 With all that brib'd a venal Train
 To vote a shameful Peace with *S^{er}m*!
 Can calm the Conscience, or controul
 The teasing Tumults of the Soul.

Nor can the Guards that watch a Throne
 Bid Anguish and Remorse be gone;
 They hover o'er the rich Alcove,
 And dash the Draughts of guilty Love.

Far

*Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
 Otium Medi Pharetra decori:
 Grossæ, non Gemmis, neque purpura ve-
 nale, nec Auro.
 Non enim Gaze, neque consularis
 Summovet Lictor miseros Tumultus
 Mentis, & Curæ laqueata circum
 Tecta volantes.*

VIVITUR

Far happier He, who craves no more
 Than what his Fathers had before;
 Who sees his frugal Meal prepar'd
 Beneath the Roof his Fathers rear'd;
 Whose Days are crown'd with sweet Content,
 Whose Nights in quiet Slumbers spent.

Whence then thy Schemes, deluded Man,
 This noisy Chace in Life's short Span;
 From Clime to Clime, from Pole to Pole;
 Where Tempests sweep or Billows roll;
 Pursue your Bliss? Know, bustling Elf,
 To gain it thou must lose thyself.

Go boast the Minister thy Friend;
 Throw cumbrous Virtue off; ascend
 The giddy Pinnacle of Pow'r;
 Seek *Haughton's* Plains and *Richmond's* Bow'r;
 The lonely Grove, the silent Vale,
 Or bid thy Canvas catch the Gale;
 If all too weak to banish Grief,
 Fly to the Bottle for Relief.

Cares,

*VIVITUR parvo bene, cui Parentum
 Splendet in Mensa tenui Salinum:
 Nec leves Somnos Timor aut Cupido*

Sordidus aufert.

*Quid brevi sortes jaculamur Avo
 Multa? Quid Terras alio calentes
 Sole mutamus? Patria quis Exul*

Se quoque fugit?

Scandit

Cares, rapid as a Whirlwind's Force,
 Out-fly the Deer, out-run the Horse;
 Round the bright Coronet they twine;
 They sparkle in the sprightly Wine;
 They taint the Fragrance of the Breez;
 They whisper through the waving Trees;
 And where the gilded Streamers fly,
 They swell the Breast, and prompt the Sigh.

Hope you for Pleasure pure, refin'd
 From every Lot of Human Kind;
 From future Wo, and present Pain;
 Believe me, Friend, you hope in vain;
 Virtue enjoys Life's chearful Ray,
 Or wisely laughs its Gloom away.

Young *Sheffield* perish'd in his Bloom,
 While ~~34~~ *Wark* wither'd to his Tomb.
 Heav'n as a Curse to me may lend
 The Years it has deny'd my Friend.
 St. *Joh*n from *Brillan* exil'd flies;
 While Nations from his Tongue grow wise;
 And

*Scandit aratas vittosa naves
 Cura: nec Turmas Equitum relinquit
 Octor Cerois, & agente Nimbos*

Octor Euro.

*Latus in prasens Animus, quod ultra est
 Oderit curare: & amara lato*

*Temperet Risu. NIHIL est ab omni
 Parte Beatum.*

Abstulit

And pension'd *Horace* swells; while States
 Are smit with Folly as he prates;
 There *Wade* in *Marlborough's* Splendor rides,
 And *Trick* in *Torbet's* Seat presides;
 And soon, *Argyle*, a Beardless Boy,
 May wield the Truncheon you enjoy.
 In vain thy Spirit, Strength, and Ease,
 O *Poulton*, warm, persuade and please
 While the resistless Nod of *Bolton*
 Directs the Vote; and rules the Job.
 See *Peters*, while *England's* Honours sink
 With *Shellock* vote, and *Stanhope* think;
 And *Warton* and *Thyne* prevail
 Where *Lilly* and *Wentworth* fail.

Yet all is just, could Mortals see
 How with their Ends the Means agree;
 Or trace the Powers that guide the whole,
 And bid the moral System roll.

'Tis

*Abstulit clarum cita Mors Achillem
 Longa Titbonum minuit senectus:
 Et mihi fors an, tibi quod negarit
 Porriget Hora.
 Te Gregeſ centum, Siculeque circum
 Mugiant vacca, tibi tollit biannitum
 Aptæ quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
 Murice tinſta;*

Vestiment

'Tis your's Life's active Scenes to grace
 With every Virtue of thy Race ;
 For Heav'n with Wealth and Titles gave
 Thee Soul to spend, and Sense to save.
 To me the Fates, severely kind,
 A small Inclosure have assign'd ;
 Some Sparks of Genius and a Soul
 That hates a Knave, and loaths a Fool,

*Vestiunt Luna : Mibi parva rura, &
 Spiritum Graia tenuem camœna.
 Parca non Mendax dedit, & Malignum
 Spernere vulgus.*

F I N I S

